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Little Maude.

O, where is our dainty, our darling,
The daintiest darling of all?
O, where is the voice on the stairway,
O, where is the voice in the hall?
The little short steps in the entry,
The silvery laugh in the hall?
O, where is our dainty, our darling,
The daintiest darling of all—
Little Maude?

The peaches are ripe in the orchard,
The apricots ready to fall,
And the grapes are dripping their honey
All over the garden wall.
But where are the lips full of melting,
That looked up so pouting and red,
When we dangled the sun-purpled bunches
Of Isabels over her head?
O, rosebud of woman! where are you?
(She never replies to our call!)
O, where is our dainty, our darling,
The daintiest darling of all—
Little Maude?

AN OLD LAWYER'S STORY.

I am a very old man now. So old that I work no longer as I used at my profession. The time of rest has come. It is a happy time. I am not poor. I have all life's luxuries. Best of all, I have a wife who loves me still, and whom I love as well as when I wooed her—nay, better, if that can be, and my children are beautiful and prosperous. What can a man wish more?

I read my favorite authors. I smoke my cigars. I take a glass of wine of an evening. Sometimes we go to a play. Every Sunday morning to church. It is all holiday-time for us. It will not last long. We are both old, but we are happy.

There is no romance about a lawyer's profession. People are disposed to sneer at it, and to speak of its followers as tricky sort of folks, more anxious for their own gain than that of their neighbors. If this is so, we do not stand alone; but I will say for my brotherhood, that they have hearts as well as other men, and that it is not always merely for what we can make by it that we undertake a cause.

Odd things fall into our way very often. I have had no need to read romances. The real stories that have fallen beneath my notice are quite as interesting, and far more singular, than any tales of the imagination could possibly be. I tell them to my children sometimes of winter evenings.

Perhaps it is only to flatter the old man that they assume an interest in them, nevertheless I will tell one of the tales to you—one which I have always had cause to remember.

A great many years ago, while I was comparatively a young man, and still unmarried, I resided in a certain city of Pennsylvania, and enjoyed the reputation of being the cleverest lawyer ever known there. It is not for me to say the praise was merited, but I certainly found myself able to discover loopholes of escape for those whom I defended, which surprised even my fellow-lawyers. I possessed by nature those qualities which would have made me an excellent detective, and I was a thorough student of the law. There was no mystery about it, but among the more ignorant classes I had gained a reputation for more than human knowledge. Perhaps it was not polite for them to say that the Devil helped me, but they did.

However, I began to tell you about Madame Matteau.

She was an old lady who owned a little house in the suburbs of the city. She herself was of American birth, but her husband had been a Frenchman, and so the title Madame had been bestowed upon her. She was now a widow, and her daughter Gabrielle, and a son named Henri, were her only living relatives. Her income was but slender, and she eked it out by taking a few boarders, generally steady old people, who had known her for many years. These respected and liked her; but the city generally had a prejudice against her. There had been two sudden deaths in her house. Each time the victim was a stranger who came at night, and was found dead in his bed in the morning. Each time the jury was divided—some believing that strangulation had been the cause of death, some that the man had died in a fit.

It was a terrible thing that two such deaths should have occurred beneath her roof. Madame's friends pitied her. The rest of the little world hinted that these were strangers, and that their trunks, with no one knew what amount of money and other valuable property, remained in Madame's possession. No one said she was a murderess, but every one said it was "very strange," in an odd tone, and no one since that second death had visited Madame Matteau.

I myself—perhaps because I admired her a great deal, and her daughter much more—had always insisted that it was merely a coincidence, and that in a world in which apoplexy and heart disease were so common, it was no such marvel that two men should have met sudden deaths in the same house. But my faith in this theory was shaken when one morning it was published over the city that another transient boarder had been found dead in Madame Matteau's house, and that she was arrested on suspicion of having murdered him, his watch and chain having been found in her possession.

Before I had recovered from the shock of this terrible piece of news, a message came to me from Madame Matteau. She desired to see me. Of course I went to her at once.

She had been taken to prison; and I found her in a little grim room with a barrel window, and an insufficient fire upon the hearth. The logs had burnt in two upon the andirons, and the white ashes were scattered over the hearth. Almost in them sat Madame Matteau, in her widow's dress of sombre black.

She was chilly with grief and excitement, and had drawn her chair close to the fire.

She shook violently from head to foot, and her face was deadly pale as she turned it toward me and held out her hand.

"Oh, thank Heaven, you have come!" she said. "I know you can save me. Is it not horrible? How could I kill a man? Why should I? Why do people come to my house to die? To die horribly, with black faces and starting eyes, as if some one had choked them? Ugh! and he was a pretty young man the night before. Oh, good Heaven, how horrible?"

I sat down beside her. I took her hand.

"Madame Matteau," I said, "be calm; collect yourself. As your lawyer, I must know all. Tell me from first to last what happened—what was said, what was done. If you—"

I paused; her black eyes had flashed upon me. I could not ask her whether she had any confession to make. I saw she had not. Unless she was the best actress who ever lived, Madame Matteau was innocent of any crime.

"If you have any suspicions," I added, "tell them all to me."

"There is no one to suspect," sobbed the poor woman.

"In the house were Gabrielle, my daughter, whom you have seen, old Hannah, the cook, Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp, friends of my poor dear husband in his boyhood—the best, the kindest people—Mr. Gray, a very old man, too feeble to leave the house, poor deformed Miss Norman, and the librarian, Mr. Bassford. None of these could or would murder a mouse. See how kind they are; they remain in my house; they send me word that they have no doubt of me. Oh, how can anybody?"

"And this man who—" I began.

"Yes," said Madame Matteau, "I will tell you; he was fair, young, handsomely dressed; he asked Mr. Bassford at the depot, if he knew of any one who could accomodate him. Mr. Bassford brought him home. My only empty room was the one in which those other two strangers died. I could not bear to put him there; but Mr. Bassford laughed at me. We had supper afterward. He talked a long while to Gabrielle. It was late when he retired—late for our quiet household. Hannah had made his fire. She came and told us that she had done so. He said good-night.

After he had gone, we found that he had left his watch on the table. He wore it only with a bunch of seals, and he had been setting it by the clock, and showing it to us as something very handsome. I knocked at his door to restore it to him. He had not left us but fifteen minutes before, but he must have been asleep already, for he made no answer. So I kept it for the night, and wore it down to breakfast next morning. As I came down I met a gentleman in the hall. He inquired for Mr. Glenn. That was the new comer's name. I sent Hannah to wake him. She could not do so, and grew alarmed. She had a key that would open the door, and used it. The next thing I knew we were all in the room, and the windows were wide open, and the doctor had been sent for; and the young man who had called was screaming that his brother had been choked to death; and then there was the inquest, and they arrested me. The brother said the first thing he noticed was that I wore Mr. Glenn's wrtch and seals. I had forgotton it in my terror."

"So Hannah had a key to the room?" I said.

"Yes; at least it was a key that would open it. It was the key of Mr. Bassford's door. She knocked the other out with a stick and put that in."

"The people who were there on that night were your boarders when the other two men were found dead?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!"

"And Hannah was there also?"

"All my married life Hannah has lived with me."

"Your daughter oversees the household in your absence?"

"Yes, poor child, with Hannah's help."

I thought a little while.

"Madam," I said, "there is some strange mystery in this affair. I do not despair of proving to all the world your entire innocence. Meanwhile, be as calm as possible, and endeavor to remember everything connected with the sudden deaths that have occurred in your house. The incident that seems the most unimportant may really be of the most immense value.

So I left her and went home. Strangely enough, on the way I met the doctor who had been called in. He was a dull, heavy sort of person, considerably given to beer-drinking, and my opinion of his ability was not very great. However, I questioned him on the subject, and he replied:

"Well, you see, *I* don't say the old woman murdered him. If she did, I should say it was by sitting on him, or smothering him with the bolster. I suppose the cause of his death was asphyxia. Well, then, what is asphyxia? Why, too little breath to keep on living. He died because he was short of breath. So we all do. I wash my hands of the matter. Only there's the watch; that looks dark."

I had learned nothing from the doctor. The coroner lived near me. His jury had been twelve of the most ignorant men in town.

This is all he told me.

"He was smothered, that man was; so were the other two. Men don't smother themselves. We made it inscrutable Providence t'other time. We made it murder, this. That there watch, you know."

Thus, without any new light, I went home and formed my plans. There was but one way in which to penetrate the mystery. I must enter the house; I must see the people there; I must penetrate to the room in which these men had died so suddenly, and I must not be known in my real character. That Madame Matteau was innocent, I fully believed; but that some one beneath her roof was guilty, I made no doubt. It might be Hannah. It might be the librarian, Mr. Bassford, whose key fitted the dead man's door. It was possible—but no, I would not harbor a mad superstition. There could be no supernatural power beneath which human beings drooped and died. Death as it came to us all was mystery enough. What had been said to me by a woman, who would have been a spiritualist had she lived to-day, was a mere absurdity.

"I believe that there is some horrible unseen thing in the room," she had said—"some awful, shapeless spirit, that when it is locked in with its victim, murders him. Let others believe what they will, I believe that."

The words haunted me, but I laughed at them, of course. Whatever it was, I would try to know. I had a plan.

At dusk that day I went into my bedroom myself. I came out a changed man. I wore a white wig, a pair of great green goggles, and an overcoat, the tails of which reached my heels. I had a muffler about my throat, and a little hunch on one of my shoulders. I carried a thick cane and stooped a great deal as I walked. In my hand I carried a carpet bag, and in my bosom a pair of pistols, well loaded.

As I passed out into the street the early moon was just rising; she lit me on my way to the door of Madame Matteau's house.

It was opened for me, when I knocked, by old Hannah. Her eyes were red and swollen. Then I told her that I was a stranger and had received Madame Matteau's address from a gentleman in New York, and desired to stay under her roof all night. She shook her head.

"I don't think you can," she said. "The lady is away from home. Besides, we are in trouble here. I don't think Miss Gabrielle would—"

But here Miss Gabrielle herself appeared.

"I am an old man, Miss," I said, "and, as you see, quite infirm. I dread another step. I should take it as a kindness if you would accommodate me, and I will pay any price you ask."

Miss Gabrielle looked at Hannah.

"We have only one room," she said, "and that—"

I ended the question of my stay by begging to be taken to it.

"You will have supper, sir?" asked the girl.

But I declared that I had eaten and only wanted rest.

Her reply was:

"Hannah, show the gentleman to the blue room, and make him a fire."

I was in the blue room, the scene of the three sudden deaths or murders. It was a small apartment, painted blue. It had also blue window-curtains, and a blue silk coverlet on the bed; a neat, striped carpet, a set of old mahogany furniture, and very handsome ewer and basin of costly china. It was at the time almost a universal custom to burn wood. In this room, however, was a small coal stove. I alluded to this as Hannah came in with the scuttle.

"Yes, sir," she said. "Missus does burn coals. Her son is a clerk, or the like, at them new mines in Mauch Chunk, and he sends it cheap to her; but it's a dirty, nasty smelling thing and I hate it. Now it's built and lit and 'twill warm up in fifteen minutes. It takes longer than wood."

She went out of the door and came back in a minute with a little tray on which stood a pot and cup and saucer, also a little bowl and a tiny pitcher, and something in a napkin.

"Miss sent a bite and a sip," said she. "Tea rests us old folks mightily. Good night."

"Good night," I said. "I expect I shall sleep soon; I must be up early, though, for I have bills to pay. I have some hundreds of dollars with me to pay out to-morrow, and it's in this bag."

She looked at me in a queer sort of way, and lingered beside me. At last she spoke: "Look ye, sir," she said, "I think that folks of your age do wrong to lock doors on themselves. You might be ill at night, and who'd get in to you? Leave your door unlocked."

The moment she was gone I turned the key.

Was it this woman's practice to beg travelers who stopped with her mistress not to lock their doors? Was there some baleful potion in the cup she had given me?

It was an innocent looking cup enough—an old-fashioned affair covered with little gilt sprigs. The tea was fragrant hyson; but the suspicion that had crept into my mind tainted it. I fancied a strange color, a curious smell. I put it from me and would not have tasted it for a kingdom.

I had not intended to sleep, and I did not undress myself. I merely removed my disguise, and sat down beside the table, with my pistols beside me. That some attempt might be shortly made to murder me I felt to be possible. I thought of all the old tales that I had heard of trap-doors, and sliding panels, and secret entrances to travelers' rooms. I was not a coward, but I felt strangely nervous; and singularly enough for a man of my perfect health, my hands were growing cold, and my feet were lumps of ice, while my head was burning hot.

Fifteen minutes had passed, and the fire was kindled, but the room was not warm. The blue flames struggled among the black coals, and flung forked tongues tipped with yellow into the room. There was nothing cheerful about the stove, though it was of that open style now called the Franklin. Yet, I drew a chair toward it from habit, and sat with my feet upon the hearth. I do not know how long I sat there.

Suddenly I became aware that I was not myself. I was losing my senses. If unseen hands had been clasped about my neck, and an unseen knee had been pressed against my chest, my sensations could have been no different.

A thought of the evil spirit which my friend had suggested, faintly struggled into my mind. As I staggered to my feet, a noise like the roaring of the sea was in my ears. The flame of the candle turned to a great yellow blur. I barely retained strength enough to stagger to the window and fling it open. The fresh, cold winter air rushed in at it. It gave me intense pain, but it revived me. In a moment more I was able to clamber out of it upon the shed below.

There I remained until the day-dawn. With my returning senses the truth came to me. That which had murdered the three men who had slept before me in the blue chamber, was nothing more or less than the coal stove.

It was provided with what is called a damper, and this being caught in a manner which closed it, sent the poisonous gas into the room. It had been kindled as a wood fire would have been at the hour of retiring, by one quite ignorant of the danger possible from coal-gas, and they had slept never to awaken. Had I thrown myself upon the bed, I also should have been found dead at daylight, in all human probability.

As for the fact that neither doctor nor coroner discovered the truth, I have but to say that they were not deeply scientific men—that coal stoves were scarcely used in the place, and that it had not been mentioned that the blue chamber was thus heated.

Of course I rejoiced the household by my discovery the next morning, and equally, of course, Madame Matteau was not only freed from all suspicion, but became the object of universal sympathy. She was always grateful to me, and she proved her gratitude by giving me what I soon asked for, the hand of her daughter Gabrielle in marriage.—*Ledger*

Hydrophobia Cure.

Mr. Morales, the Mexican vice consul at Washington has furnished Mayor Giraud with the following prescription for the cure of hydrophobia, which has been tried in a great many instances in Mexico, and never known to fail:

Take the most tender sprouts of the cotton plant, fresh, with leaves and all, grind them well until all juice is extracted; sprinkle it with water to facilitate the operation; the grounded matter must be pressed hard. Whenever sufficient quantity of juice is extracted, in the manner indicated above, the patient must be compelled to take a strong dose of it. Those patients who are found in the very highest stage of the disease are generally dilatory and refuse to take the medicine, but the assistants may recur to other means in order to obtain the effect desired. Having succeeded in getting the patient to take the medicine, it will surely, after great efforts of convulsion and desperation, bring him so that he gradually commences to quiet down until he falls asleep, soundly, in which state, and with great precaution, he must be placed or so arranged that he lies with perfect ease. When he awakens from that rest he feels himself safe and cured then and thereafter. A relapse of the same attack has at no time taken place. In times when the patient shows no symptoms, other than well-founded fears of suffering an attack, then there is no difficulty in applying the medicine to him, and he willingly takes it.

Neatness.

A girl's everyday toilet is part of her character. The maiden who is slovenly in the morning is not to be trusted, however fine she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain: a mirror, washstand, water, soap, towel, hair, nail and tooth brushes. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances, not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress may, or need not be, anything better than calico; but with a ribbon, or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction, that invariably comes with being well-dressed. A girl with fine sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged, dirty dress, with her hair unkempt, if a stranger or neighbor should come in. Moreover, your self-respect should demand decent appareling for your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know nobody will see you but yourself.

Getting Them Out.

A family named Prather, says the Detroit *Free Press*, occupying a house on Croghan street, have paid no rent for three months, and the landlord has been trying to get them out. He took away the front steps as a gentle hint, but they lived right on. Then he got hold of the front door key, but they went around to the side door. The landlord then put a carpenter in the parlor to make repairs, but the family moved into the kitchen, and were still happy. After due consideration the landlord took the windows out of the parlor and bedroom, but the family had a good stove and plenty of wood. Next, after learning that he hadn't discouraged his tenants, the owner of the house went in and removed all the doors and windows, leaving the pure air of heaven rushing through the old coop like a runaway mule. He thinks they will leave in a day or two, but it is doubtful, as pedestrians who passed the house in the afternoon saw the children playing horse in the windows and the father seated on the bed mending a rat-trap.

A New Treatment for Consumption.

Dr. William Koch of Berlin, well known to specialists from his investigations in the domain of modern surgery, and from his treatise on gunshot fractures, has discovered a new method of treatment for consumption. It consists in healing up the affected portions of the lungs by injections of iodine, so as to check the process of festering, which is the origin of the disease. The treatment has been tested in the great hospitals of Berlin within a short time, among others at the Royal Charity, in the presence of the most eminent surgeons. All the reports of the cases in which this treatment has been administered are favorable, and hold out a promise of a complete cure. For many years Dr. Koch has been trying the experiment with animals, having tested it with more than three hundred, at a vast outlay of time and money.

The Highway Robbers' Art.

Ten years ago, says the New York *Times*, it rarely occurred that any person unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the highway robber escaped without suffering serious bodily injury. The favorite plan was to seize the victim from behind, and render him powerless during the process of purse-rifling. Scores of men have been irreparably injured by such treatment. In every State the highwayman adopted this device to fill his pockets. Now, whether it is to be credited to an increase of civilizing influences, or to an advance in the art of the robber, or to both, we cannot exactly say; but whatever the cause may be, it is a matter for thankfulness that the skilled highway robber no longer finds it necessary to add garrotting and murder to the list of his crimes. Heretofore the New York thieves were supposed to be the cleverest in the country. Things have changed very greatly in this as in other respects—so greatly, indeed, that the New Yorkers have not only lost much of their reputation for cleverness, but have begun to be considered stupid bunglers by the outside professionals. The highway robberies that have lately been committed in the city will certainly not change this opinion. It is quite evident that the "great" highwaymen have been compelled by circumstances to carry their talents elsewhere. They have gone to cultivate new fields. Numerous evidences of their success have come to us from time to time through the reports in the Western newspapers.

We occasionally hear of the man who was stopped by a gentleman of the road, and ordered, on pain of death, to remove everything of value from his pockets, hand over his revolver, and depart in peace. We also occasionally hear of the man who was wise enough to fold his arms in apparent resignation, while a gentlemanly new acquaintance despoiled him of his purse, pistols, and jewelry. Incidents of this character are often brought to our notice, but we never wonder why the victims submit to be robbed with such good grace. We attribute it all to the perfection of the highwayman's art. The golden dreams which have lured so many ambitious men to California have not been without their effect on clever highway robbers. The fact that those who acquire fortunes rapidly are the most profuse in adorning themselves with valuable jewelry, and the most lavish in opening their wallets, has not escaped observation.

As a result, we find that San Francisco has a large number of artist-highwaymen. These "gentlemen" do not knock down and beat their victims within an inch of their lives in order to gain whatever of a portable nature may be upon their persons; neither do they draw revolvers and frighten them into submission, like their Texan brothers. Nothing of the sort. This is how they work: The victim having been selected, is approached by a well-dressed person, who charges him with the commission of an offense that provokes his anger and precipitates a quarrel. A third person promptly appears on the scene, goes between the beligerents, and in the effort to separate them, deftly removes the wallet and the watch and chain from the pockets of the accused. This device may not be altogether new, but the way in which it is carried into effect bespeaks the artist, not the cold-blooded murderer. The San Franciscans are, therefore, to be congratulated in having the most chivalric, as well as the most finished, highwaymen in the United States.

Saving a Train.

The Troy *Times* says a landslide occurred in a curve on the Troy and Greenbush Railroad. A locomotive was coming up to be attached to the first local train down, when it was caught by the landslide, forced from the track, and partly turned so that its headlight was pointed west. The slide occurred just at the moment the New York and Boston express was leaving the Troy depot. The engineer of No. 39 knew that the down train could not pass the obstructions. He told his fireman, Al. Bascom, to take a red lantern, go up the track and intercept the train. Bascom started on his mission; in the darkness he stumbled and fell on the track; the light was extinguished.

The time was too short to allow him to return and procure another lantern; it was impossible in the strong wind to light a match. Covered with mud, but losing scarcely half a minute, he pushed on; the headlight of the approaching train came in sight; he knew his voice of warning, be it ever so loud, could not be heard above the roar of the train. He had but a few seconds in which to determine upon his course. What did he do? Something very few would have thought of doing. Taking aim as best he could he raised his lantern and hurled it at the approaching locomotive, and then awaited the result. He could not see where his missile landed; the intervening seconds seemed ten minutes. By what we must regard as a mysterious and beneficent interposition of Providence, it entered the cab window, breaking the woodwork and coming within an inch of striking the fireman inside fairly in the face; if it had hit him he would have been seriously injured. When the shattering and shattered lantern fell at the engineer's feet, he knew that something had gone wrong and whistled "down brakes;" the train slackened speed, and at length came to a full stop within a hundred feet of the wrecked locomotive, saved from destruction by the presence of mind of the man who had thrown the lantern.

At the point where the way was obstructed the track is built on an embankment close by the river, and had a collision occurred between the disabled locomotive and the moving train, the latter would have been thrown from the track into the river, and the horrors and loss of life, the woundings and maimings of New Hamburgh would have been repeated. All honor to Al. Bascom.

The Sultan in all his Glory.

The people of Turkey celebrated the Mohammedan feast of Bairam, during which a singular ceremonial took place at the Dolma Bagtche Palace, which is thus described by a correspondent of the *Swiss Times*:

"The Hall of Audience is a magnificent apartment, large, spacious and lofty, situated in the centre of the Palace, richly gilded, and glittering with crystal and silver; his Majesty Abdul-Aziz on his throne; a very rude bench covered with plates of gold, but without any beauty either of workmanship or design. It is placed, however, at the head of a carpet which for beauty and magnificence fully compensates. It is of the richest crimson silk thickly wadded, and covered with gold embroidery. Behind the throne stands the aides-de-camp and the principal officers of the household, his chamberlains and chief eunuch. On the right side of the carpet are the ministers of state in an attitude of the deepest humility, their heads bowed low and their arms folded across their breasts; while to the left of the throne, but a little behind it, stands an aid-de-camp holding in his hand an embroidered band of cloth which is attached to it. As the first officer reaches the carpet he salaams in the usual manner and then steps forward. In the centre of the carpet he salaams a second time and then moves on to the throne. Reaching the side of the aide-de-camp he takes the gold fringe at the end of the band, and touching first his mouth and then his forehead with it, salaams again and has performed his duty. Retiring backwards he forms in the line behind the others who are advancing. After the Beys have passed the civil officers pass round. There is then a lull for a few seconds, as the Sultan rises to receive the Sheik-ul-Islam. The venerable prelate is advancing at the head of a long line of Cadis, Muftis and other members of the Ulema, supported on either side by two high officials. On reaching the Sultan he stoops to kiss his feet, but is raised by his Sublime Majesty, and he then takes his place along with the other ministers of state. This is the most picturesque portion of the ceremony, for these civil officers in their flowing robes, and large turbans bound with gold, and their long beards have a very fine effect. As soon as the last one has passed round the Sheik-ul-Islam says a short prayer and his Majesty then retires.

"The next three days are spent in festivity. The Turkish quarter is like a huge fair in England, for in every available space booths are set up as temporary cafes for the enjoyment of the elders, and swings and merry-go-rounds for the amusement of the children, as well as stalls for the sale of sweetmeats and cakes. The streets are crowded with gaily-dressed Turkish ladies going about visiting, and fathers taking their children out to view the wonders to be seen in the Frank shops of Galata and Pera. For the official world this is, however, an anxious time, as they know not what changes may take place. Their time is chiefly taken up in paying visits to the heads of departments, and dancing, attendance upon great men from whom they may have expectations. This, however, is all over now, and every one has settled down again to work."

Sensation of Starving.

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing, his sufferings are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages—he feels an inordinate, unspeakable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread, and other substantials, but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by a nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity; but five minutes afterward his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence. On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his color is ashy pale, and his eye wild, glassy and cannibalish. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from very weakness, refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy—the ghosts of well remembered dinners pass in hideous processions through the mind. The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang lifelessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still felt, to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it, if it can be saved without a tax upon bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile, the next he is endowed with unusual strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and sudden impulse.

A country fellow entered one of the New York banks, and, walking up to the counter, exclaimed, "Here I am; I want you to take a fair look at me." Without a word further he strode out. The next day the same customer reappeared, uttered the same words, and again disappeared. The third day, at about the same time, he walked in, and advancing to the teller's desk, threw down a draft payable *three days after sight*. "Now," said he, "you've seen me three times; I want the money for it."

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

A willful man had need to be very wise.

Plenty consists in the power to curb your wants.

What God gives men as stepping stones they often make into stumbling blocks.

Time is short, and if your cross be heavy, remember you have not far to carry it.

There is a paradox in pride—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

A man can do without his own approbation in much society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when he lives alone.

Primarily, the undue desire to acquire wealth, regardless of the means employed, is the great evil that underlies all our present troubles.

Nature is a frugal mother, and never gives without measure. When she has work to do she qualifies men for that and sends them equipped.

The most insignificant people are most apt to sneer at others. They are safe from reprisals, and have no hope of rising in their own esteem, but by lowering their neighbors. The severest critics are always those who have never attempted or who have failed in original compositions.

Sitting Up with Her.

She was expecting him Saturday night; the parlor curtains were down, the old folks notified that it was healthy to go to bed at eight o'clock, and Johnny, bribed with a cent, permitted himself to be tucked away at sundown. He sneaked up the path, one eye on the dog, and the other watching for the "old man," who didn't like him any too well, gave a faint knock at the door, and it was opened and he was escorted into the parlor. He said he couldn't stay but a minute, though he didn't mean to go for hours. She wanted to know how his mother was; if his father had returned from York State; and if his brother Bill's rheumatism was any better; and he went over and sat down on the sofa, so as not to strain his voice. Then conversation flagged, and he played with his hat, and she nibbled at the sofa tidy. He finally said it was a beautiful evening, and she replied that her grandfather predicted a snow storm. He said he guessed it wouldn't snow, as the moon wasn't crooked enough to hang a powder-horn on the end, and she said she didn't believe it would, either. This mutual understanding seemed to give each other courage, and he wanted to know if she had seen Bill Jones lately. She hadn't, she said, and didn't want to. Then they went to talking about the donation visit which was to be given Elder Berry, and he carelessly dropped his hand on hers—his right hand, while his left arm sneaked along the sofa and got behind her shoulders.

She pretended not to notice it, and he looked down at his boots and wanted to know if she thought mutton tallow rotted out boots faster than lard and lampblack. She couldn't say, but she had an idea that it did. He had just commenced to lock fingers with her, when she discovered that something ailed the lamp. She rose up and turned turned the lamp down a half, making the room look dim. It took him five minutes to get hold of her finger again, and she pretended to want to draw her hand away all the time. After a long pause he lowered his voice to a whisper, and said he didn't see what made folks love each other. She bit her handkerchief and admitted her ignorance. He said that he could name a dozen young men who were going to get married right away, and his left arm fell down and gave her a hug. Then he went over and looked out of the window to make sure that it was or was not going to snow, and, coming back, he turned the light down a little more, and then sat down and wanted to know if she didn't want to rest herself by leaning her head on his shoulder.

Ah, me! We have all been there, and who of us cared a cent when the old clock struck twelve, and we five miles from home? The old man was fast asleep, the watch-dog gone a-visiting, and the handsomest girl in the country didn't see why we need be in a hurry.

Business Law.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures made with lead-pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.

The acts of one partner bind all the others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A contract made with a minor is void.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

Contracts for advertisements in Sunday newspapers are invalid.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Agents are responsible to their principals for errors.

Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.

A note given by a minor is void.

Notes bear interest only when so stated.

It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received."

A note drawn on Sunday is void.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it.

An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.